

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSES ON THE REDEMPTION OF THE RACE.

A Topic Suggested by the Famous Paintings of Munich—Types of Humanity Represented by the Two Malfactors—
—A Plunge into Darkness.

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The famous paintings in the picture galleries of Munich seem to have suggested the topic of this discourse, which Dr. Talmage sends from the quaint Bavarian town, but the theme which inspired the painters awakens in the great preacher thoughts of the redemption of the human race, which was the supreme design of that scene of suffering and death. The text is Luke xxiii. 32, "There they crucified him, and the malfactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending, for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malfactors will say and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with reverence, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers, with drawn swords, drive back the mob which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback dash along the line and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you!" is the cry. "Have you never before seen a man die?"

Three crosses in a row—an upright piece and two transverse pieces, one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison and the one at the left bitter aloes, the one in the middle apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand and give a look at the three crosses.

Just look at the cross on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More awful than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of him on the middle cross. This wretched man turns half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose and he were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground that he might appear him. He envies the mechanics who with their nails have nailed him fast. Amid the settling darkness and louder than the crash of the rocks, hear him utter these words: "Ah, you poor wretch! I knew you were an impostor! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these legions master you!" It was in some such hate that Voltaire in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow and cried out: "Crush that wretch!" What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins—away with him! On his right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say, "Back with him from the heart! I will not let him take my sins. If he will die, let him die for himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malfactor perished the faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world!

A Plunge into Darkness.

Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face a little of the look in that unblest death hour, the stings of the sinner's departure. What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says, "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity!" One! Two! Three! Listen to the crash of the fall, ah ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had 79 years in which to prepare for eternity, said, "Were I master of all the world, I would give it all to live it one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, hovering over the brink of eternity, said, "I fly from this hour, what will become of me? Oh, that I were to be upon the fire that never is quenched, or that I were to purchase the favor of God, and to be reconciled to him again! Oh, eternity! Oh, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase these words, 'Forever and forever?'"

That right hand cross—thousands have perished on it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse at the last that life has been wasted and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God, let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right hand cross! Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Rend not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malfactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that day had that man heard of Christ. But after Christ has stood almost 19 centuries, working the wonders of his grace, you reject him.

That right hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the spirit of God shall, with its ax, hew down that right hand cross until it shall fall at the foot of the middle cross, and unbelief, the railing malfactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee

through. Down to hell; down, most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to those thou hast already damned! Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of heaven.

"If thou be the Son of God," Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out his birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when he bade thee be still. Tell me, ye dead who got up to see him die. Tell me, thou sun in midheaven, who for him didst pull down over thy face thy veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is he the Son of God? Aye, aye, responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malfactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of my body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for this right hand cross, except it is used as a lever with which to overturn the unbelief of the world.

The Penitent Malfactor.

Here from the right hand cross I go to the left hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. The victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross, yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the ruler cursing on the other side: "Silence! Between us is innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather round this left hand cross, O ye people! Be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left hand cross is a repenting cross. As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under the water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malfactor thought over all his past life—that night when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred he put a knife through his heart; of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer, and regardless of the cries and prayers and tears and struggles of his victim, he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones.

He says, "I am a guilty wretch. I deserve this. There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for he has done me no wrong. And yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing, the present a crucifixion, the future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that he knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that he can cure the wounded. I have heard that he can pardon the sinner. Surely in all his wanderings up and down the earth he never saw one more in need of his forgiveness. Blessed One, I turn to thee. With thou turn for the moment away from thy own pangs to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture—I can stand all this—but, oh, my sins, my sins, my sins! They pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' I ask no great things. I seek no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies, but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little of me, the one now hanging at thy side, when the shout of heavenly welcome takes thee back into thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt thou? 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' Only just remember me."

Likewise must we repent. You say, "I have stolen nothing." I reply, "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed him of our time, robbed him of our talent, robbed him of our services." Suppose you send a man out as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary, would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve him. He has given us wages all the time. Yet how many of us have been serving another master! When a man is convicted of treason, he is brought out; a regiment surrounds him, and the command is given: "Attention, company! Take aim! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There comes a time in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troops of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture.

True Condition of the Unrepentant.

You say, "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs, and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the cave, but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far you see the flashing eye of a wild beast or hear the hiss of a serpent. So the heart seems to be in the sunlight of worldliness. But as I wave the torch of God's truth and go down into the deep cavern of the heart, alas, for the bristling horrors and the rattling fangs! Have you ever noticed the climax of this passage of Scripture: "The heart is deceitful." That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things." Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately

wicked!" If we could see the true condition of the unrepentant before God, what wringing of hands there would be! What a thousand voiced shriek of supplication and despair! But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next you, but to you. You are a sinner. All the transgressions of a life time have been gathered up into an avalanche. At any moment it may slip from the cliffs and crush you forever. May the Lord Almighty, by his grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

This left hand cross was a believing cross. There was no guesswork in that prayer, no "if" in that supplication. That left hand cross hung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done. The bridge is built strong enough for us all to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers, but with a warrior with gauntleted fists beats at the castle gate. So with all the aroused energies of our souls let us pound at the gate of heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with a bunch of keys. You try philosophy. That will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the cross and place the foot of it in the lock, and by the two arms of the cross I turn the lock, and the door opens.

Fourth with the left hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malfactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of a king's couch. When the body became still and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another, "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead. Peace closed his eyes. Peace foreclosed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought unrighteousness, ye who have accompanied with the unclean, ye who have scaled every height of transgression and fathomed every depth and passed every extreme of iniquity—mercy, mercy!

"The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day. And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away."

ANTI-PATHY TO SOAP.

Geyers Reveal When Required to Make Soap.

Some few years ago an unfortunate discovery for a time menaced the tranquility and almost the existence of some of the geysers in Yellowstone park. The story goes that an adventurous Chinaman once essayed to use the bowl of one of the geysers for the purpose of washing clothes, the temperature of the water appealing to his oriental mind. Everything went well until he began to use soap, when suddenly a violent eruption seized the apparently innocent geyser, hurling clothes and all into the air. The experiment was tried on other geysers with similar results, and for a time it was considered a good blessing, as when large tourist parties arrived, it was a great convenience to bring on a special display by "soaping the geyser," as it was called; while before the advent of the Chinaman and his soap, some of the most beautiful geysers often remained stubbornly inactive for days and often weeks and months. After a time, however, it was discovered that this soaping was slowly but surely harming the geyser action, "tiring them out," in fact, and thereupon the government put a stop to the use of soap in the park in connection with the geysers.—From Truth.

New Postal Law in Hawaii.

Word was received at the postoffice yesterday says the Chicago Inter-Ocean that Hawaii, as a territory of the United States, has become subject to the postal laws and regulations of this country. The same postal conditions governing domestic mails now prevail in Hawaii, and between the territory of Hawaii and the United States. This includes the use of United States stamps for the payment of postage. Hereafter there will be no parcels post with Hawaii, the limit of weight in packages of merchandise to be sent through the mails now being reduced from twelve to four pounds. The international domestic order system is superseded by the domestic.

"Majestatsbeldigung."

What the old Grand Duke of Oldenburg, whose death was reported lately, thought of the crime of "majestatsbeldigung" may be inferred from an anecdote of his in the Kleine Zeitung. A few years ago a Social-Democratic workman was arrested on a charge of "insulting the grand duke," and was condemned to six months' imprisonment. No sooner had the prince heard of it than he issued the categorical order: "Let the fellow loose at once! Nobody can insult me. If a donkey does not approve of Oldenburg, he can go and bray in some other land."

Precious Stones That Grow.

This is not a little fairy tale although at first sight it may appear to be. There are at least two kinds of precious stones that grow on trees! For instance, it is by no means rare to find beautiful pearls in the coconut palm of the Philippine Islands, while yet another precious stone is to be found in the joints of the bamboo cane, the natives wearing it as an ornament.

Impromptu Review.

Governor Crane of Massachusetts does not put much faith in formal reviews of the state militia, and therefore surprised the Massachusetts troops by appearing in their camp the other day unannounced and ordering an impromptu review.

The tip of the tongue is chiefly sensible to pungent and acid tastes, the middle portion to sweets or bitters, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of roast meats and fatty substances.

Current Topics

May Die in Prison.

When Mark Shimburne, who got over a million dollars by robbing the Ocean Bank of New York city, is discharged from Dannemora Prison on October 10 next he will find Robert Pinkerton, the detective, waiting at the prison gate. He will be taken to prison in Concord, N. H., to serve a term of 15 years. Shimburne is now 67 years old, and he will die doubtless in jail; it is scarcely possible that he will live to be 86.

Mark Shimburne, or Maximilian Schomborn, is the most successful bank robber in this country. He is of fine physical proportions, five feet eight or

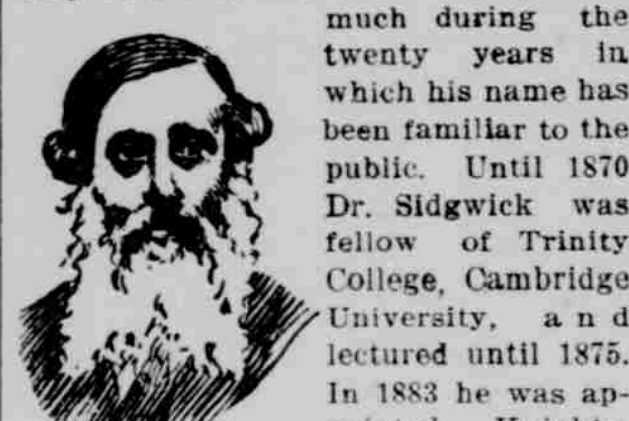


MARK SHIMBURNE, nine inches in height, built like an athlete, weighs 170 pounds, and might pass for a college professor.

So successful has been his inoculation against cholera among coolies employed by tea planters in India that the natives are now eager for the simple operation. The planters have clauses in their contracts calling for inoculated coolies.

Was a Great Philosopher.

Dr. Henry Sidgwick, the eminent British philosopher and political economist, who has just passed away, was only 62 years old, but accomplished much during the twenty years in which his name has been familiar to the public. Until 1870 Dr. Sidgwick was fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge University, and lectured until 1875.



In 1883 he was appointed Knightsbridge professor of moral philosophy. That a teacher of moral philosophy should concern himself with the science of political economy is a new idea. Therefore Professor Sidgwick's economic works bear recent dates—his "Principles of Political Economy," 1883; his "Elements of Politics," 1891, and his "Practical Ethics," 1898. His other works, in which his theory of hedonism is developed, are "The Methods of Ethics" and "Outlines of the History of Ethics." He has contributed freely to current literature.

This year's apple crop in North America is expected to be the largest ever known. The horticultural statisticians predict from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 barrels, which will be a supply of more than one barrel for every inhabitant of the United States.

Viceroy Chang Chih Tung.



Of Hankow, who is denounced by the Chinese for being too favorable to foreigners.

The inscription on a wreath of Ardenne heather on the coffin of King Humbert revealed the fact that he had a French foster brother, one Leon Coriolan. This person is mayor of Maubert Fontaine in the Ardennes.

Virchow Is Eighty.

Professor Rudolph Virchow, the great German pathologist, has just celebrated his golden wedding. Although in his eightieth year, he is deeply interested in scientific matters as ever and is wonderfully active for his age. The famous savant is a robust Pomernian. It is doubtful whether he is more distinguished as a man of science or as a politician. As early as 1847 he got himself into trouble at Berlin, where he was professor, by his openly spoken opinions. He is a liberal of the liberals. He was a member of the Prussian chamber in 1862 and of the reichstag from 1880 to 1893. His fame is world-wide.

Eleanor Duse's 19-year-old daughter, Elisabetta Marchetti, is studying to be a school teacher at Munich. She is said to be the image of her mother.

Lorenzo D. Leavelle.

Lorenzo D. Leavelle, governor of Kansas from 1893 to 1895, who died last week at Arkansas City, was a son of the soil, who rose from the state of a poor orphan to that of the head of a great commonwealth. He was born in 1846 at Salem, Iowa. His parents, who belonged to the Society of Friends, which had a large settlement at Salem, died when he was a mere child, and then began a fierce struggle with circumstance.

In which the future governor was triumphant at the last. Young Leavelle earned a living by working for farmers in the vicinity of his home. During the winter he attended school until he was sixteen. In Ex-Gov. Leavelle 1863 he was employed as a laborer on the Burlington and Missouri river railroad, and later was cattle drover for the quartermaster of the Army of the Tennessee. After the war he taught a negro school at Mexico, Mo., and was often threatened with violence by his prejudiced neighbors.

With the money he thus earned he went to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and took a course in a commercial college. After his graduation he could find no employment as a bookkeeper and took to labor again, driving a canal boat, shoveling dirt on railroads and building bridges. He returned to Salem with his savings and entered Whittier college, working his way through. In 1870 he taught school and bought a farm and a newspaper. This he abandoned to devote his whole time to teaching. In 1880 he commenced the publication of the Des Moines Capital, and seven years later he left there for Kansas, settling in Wichita, he engaged in commerce and soon earned a wide reputation in politics. In 1892 the Fusionists supported him for governor and he was elected by a handsome plurality.

The University of California announces course of instruction in Japanese and Chinese, two of the most important of the languages which it has recently become desirable for many Americans to learn.

Bishop David H. Moore.



Now on his way to China to take charge of the Methodist Mission.

The New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs has adopted the following apt motto: "In principles like our granite, in aspirations like our mountains, in sympathy swift and far-reaching like our rivers."

Benjamin B. Odell.

Benjamin B. Odell, nominated for governor by the New York Republican state convention, in his early days, had a way of going about Newburg as an ice man with his apron and tongs, talking politics while he delivered ice to his customers. His leadership was soon recognized and he became a power locally. At the same time he began to grow rich. His ice business was very profitable and he enlarged his fortune by investing his savings in electric light plants and taking city contracts in other lines. Mr. Odell is a native of Newburg. He was educated at Bethany College, West Virginia, and completed his classics at Columbia College.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has been staying in Paris in the strictest incognito, but is expected to return shortly to her country place at Farnborough Hill, Sussex, after an absence of nearly seven months.

Ex-Princess Chimay Moves.

Ex-Princess Chimay, formerly Clary Ward of Detroit, has given up her palace in the desert near Cairo, which she refitted at an expense of \$50,000. It was a luxurious home in a vast solitude, but she preferred the Chimay, a gay life of the Egyptian capital.

It is now estimated that the urban population of the country, as shown by the new census—the population, that is, of places containing 8,000 inhabitants or over—will reach 33 per cent of the total, as against 23 per cent in 1890.

The Minneapolis city council has refused to give the populists representation on the election boards of that city. The prohibitionists are accorded the third place, as that party cast a larger vote than the Populists at the last election.

COLD LAKE SUPERIOR.

Raw Englishman Made to Believe It Contained Stored Ice.

A young Englishman who left town a fortnight ago to return to his native land after six months' visit in America, took time before he went away to tell me about some of the extraordinary things he had learned on his travels, and, now that he is on the high seas, where he can't possibly read this, I am free to repeat to you a most important and singular fact he imparted to me concerning Lake Superior. A very learned man told it to him in Duluth. Here's what the Englishman told me: the wise man told him: "You know the water in Lake Superior is intensely cold," said he, "it's a most extraordinary thing, too, for it is many degrees colder than the water in any other of the great lakes. It was most interesting for me to learn of the curious American custom that causes it. In winter, I was informed by a gentleman in Duluth, the ice freezes on Lake Superior to a depth of 20 or 25 feet—fancy! And the harvesting of the ice crop, he assured me, is the chief industry of the laboring classes. That ice is cut into immense blocks, that are so large it would be difficult to lift them from the water, so in order to preserve them, they are weighted with shot, attached by ropes to buoys, and sank to the bottom of the lake. A most ingenious idea, isn't it? When they are needed, they are floated to the surface, towed ashore, and cut up. The whole bottom of the lake is quite paved with ice blocks. I am told, it's a most extraordinary thing, but one can't help seeing that that's why the water is so very cold. It's really a lake of ice water, you know. I shall tell them at home that you Americans are so fond of feed water that you keep a whole lake of it in the states. Curious idea, isn't it? But so cleverly American, you know." And perhaps some day there'll be a book printed in England which shall let all the world know why Lake Superior water is so very cold.—Washington Post.

POPULARITY OF GUIGNOL.

Paris Punch Not to Be Turned Out of the Champs Elysees.

Guignol, the Paris Punch, is not to be turned out of the Champs Elysees after all, says the London News. Not only the little ones, but a good many of their elders will be delighted, for the entertainments given in the little theaters under the pleasant shade of the trees in the famous promenade of the French capital are of a very amusing character, ranging from little farcical sketches to grand spectacular dramas "in five acts and sixteen tableaux," and even little mystery plays that are certainly a survival from very ancient times. A very distinguished French statesman is said to have been very fond of witnessing the puppet performances. One day a clerk in his department was brought before him to be reprimanded for being late. "I am very sorry," said the clerk, "but the fact is I stayed too long looking at Guignol, where I often go, on my way to business." "Dear me," said the amiable minister, "I am surprised we should never have met there."

The false alarm about a cherished Parisian institution was due to the fact that the city surveyor went round to inspect the little theaters, which belong to the municipality, with a view to having them painted afresh before the opening of the exposition.

Anti-Alcoholic Serum.

Dr. Crovally, of Sydney, New South Wales, has had an experience with anti-alcoholic serum that throws doubt on the efficacy of the serum discovered by the Paris doctors, Sappey, Thebaud and Broca. Dr. Crovally began his experiments over two years ago at the Sydney Institute of Bacteriology. He subjected a calf to a long term of enforced drunkenness, obtained a serum from it and injected it into several confirmed drunkards. After two or three injections they gave up drinking, and the doctor thought that his discovery was established. He found, however, that after a week his subjects took to drink as hard as ever, and came to the conclusion that their temporary cure was due to the imagination. His opinion was confirmed when they returned to him and after he had injected clear water into them instead of the intoxicated calf serum, they declared their repugnance for alcohol and kept sober for a few weeks.

Sells Oil from a Push Cart.

A comparatively new shouter of the streets of Washington is the man who sells coal oil from a push cart. He has six ten-gallon cans of the oil arranged in sockets in the bottom of his cart. It seems peculiar at first thought that a man could make a living in such a light-lit town as Washington by the sale of kerosene; but there are parlor lamps to be filled, and coal oil answers for a deal of scrubbing and cleaning. The oil sellers have a peculiar cry, which is not to be understood unless it is taken in connection with a view of the cryer and his push cart full of cans. It sounds like "ka-lie," with a very strong accentuation on the last syllable, and it is repeated so rapidly that it sounds like the rattle of musketry.—Washington Star.

Titled Youngster Was in Love.

When Queen Victoria was a girl of 17 a young man, heir to a title, fell desperately in love with her, believing that the princess of his choice would eventually cast aside her royal connections, become his wife and descend to his own level. When her uncle, William IV, died, the princess, of course, ascended the throne, and the fond youth found his hopes completely frustrated. Almost beside himself with disappointment and grief, he sat down and wrote the words of the well-known and once popular ballad, "I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree," which appeared in a London magazine. The despondent lover then disappeared, and, despite the diligent searching of his friends, was not heard of for over ten years.

A WEEK IN INDIANA.

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

A G. A. R. Post at Notre Dame Composed Entirely of Catholic Religionsists—It Was Organized in 1897—A Plea for Obituist Stone.

Priest Is with the Fighters.

Notre Dame Post, G. A. R., No. 569, has mustered in another member. The new comrade is Rev. P. H. Brennan, of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Brennan is chaplain of all the public institutions of the City of Boston, and is a man of marked attainments even among the Jesuits. He was a member of the one hundred and thirty-fourth Pennsylvania volunteers during the civil war, and saw most of his service in the army of the Potomac. He is a graduate of a medical college, and for a time was attached to the medical department. After the war he took holy orders, and recently determined to apply for admission to the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post, the only post composed entirely of Catholic religionsists in the country. He was elected to membership and was recently mustered in here at Notre Dame. The Notre Dame post was organized in 1897, with eleven members. Two have since died, including the first commander, Rev. William Corley, C. S. C., chaplain of the Irish brigade. Gen. William A. Olmsted is now commander.

A Plea for Obituist Stone.

A conference of citizens was held at Bloomington, to consider the question of having the supervising architect specify Indiana obituist stone instead of granite, for the new government building at Indianapolis. It was resolved to appoint a committee to wait upon Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge, and solicit their co-operation in changing the plans to obituist stone. This committee includes the Hon. N. W. Hill, State Senator H. C. Duncan, and the Hon. James B. Wilson. It is estimated that about \$200,000 will be required for the purchase of obituist stone, which must come from three or four Indiana counties.

The Investigation Blocked.

The grand jury investigation of the causes leading to the death of "Pittsburg Dick" of Alexandria, who is alleged to have been killed by James Matthews, bartender, who is under arrest, have been brought to a sudden stop because of the absence of the only witness to the affray in the saloon. Matthews has always asserted that he acted in self defense.

No Gambling at Ft. Wayne.

Mayor Scherer, of Fort Wayne, has issued orders to the police that no gambling of any sort will be allowed in the city next week, during the national encampment of the Union Veteran Legion. In previous years the gamblers have been tacitly given license to operate during large conventions and race meetings.

A Victim of Criminal Malpractice.

Sheriff Whipple of Portland has received a telegram corroborating the statement that sufficient poison to kill has been found in the stomach of Gertrude Wheeler, the coroner also asking that a warrant be issued for the arrest of a young man, alleged to have furnished the girl with medicine.

A Photograph at a Burial.

The late George W. Warner, president of the Blue Ribbon Temperance club at Muncie, before his death requested that at his burial a photograph be introduced to reproduce "Ben Bolt," of which song he was great admirer. His request was carried out.

Robbed of \$165.

J. F. Hartley, of South Bend, went to Elkhart to see the sights, and had only half finished his task, when he fell asleep on the stairway underneath a saloon. Upon awakening he found that he had been robbed of \$165.

A Neatly Disemboweled Foot.

Walter Wilson, an employee of the Consolidated stone quarries at Bedford, had a foot cut off by a heavy sharp stone. The foot was disemboweled as neatly as could have been done by a surgeon.

General State News.

Michael Shuppert, of Indianapolis, taken to Richmond to answer the charge of causing the death of Joanna Pollett, of Cambridge City, while trying to cure her epilepsy, has been placed under bonds for grand jury action.

The Jefferson county commissioners have voted in favor of making all the toll roads in the county free, and will ask the county council for an appropriation of \$115,000 to be used for that purpose.

Burglars used dynamite in opening the safe in Geomer's bottling works at Decatur, but only realized \$5. There was an attempt at the same time to rob Charles Geimer's home.

An old-fashioned camp meeting, under the direction of the Rev. U. C. Wade, presiding elder of the Muncie district, M. E. church, is under way at Perkinsville.

The family horse owned by J. D. Babcock of Anderson attacked his little son, and when Mrs. Babcock ran to the rescue she was also badly injured.

An old feud led to a fight at Emerson between William Savorey and William Crawford, in which Crawford was struck with an ax and very badly injured. Hamilton Mercer of the Marion News has resigned his editorial position to engage in the newspaper business in Virginia.

Elias Knoy of Ashland township, Morgan county, is dead. He was 65 years old, and long a resident of that county.

Albert McDaniel, thirteen years old, son of Thos. McDaniel of Martinsville, was drowned while bathing in White river.

Mrs. Zephia Boone, colored, whose death recently occurred, is said to have been the oldest person in Owen county.